O best beloved could I but gain.

A favorite Song Written by

Mr. R. A. Davenport.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

Mr. Ross of Aberdeen

Entd. at Sta. Hall.

LONDON

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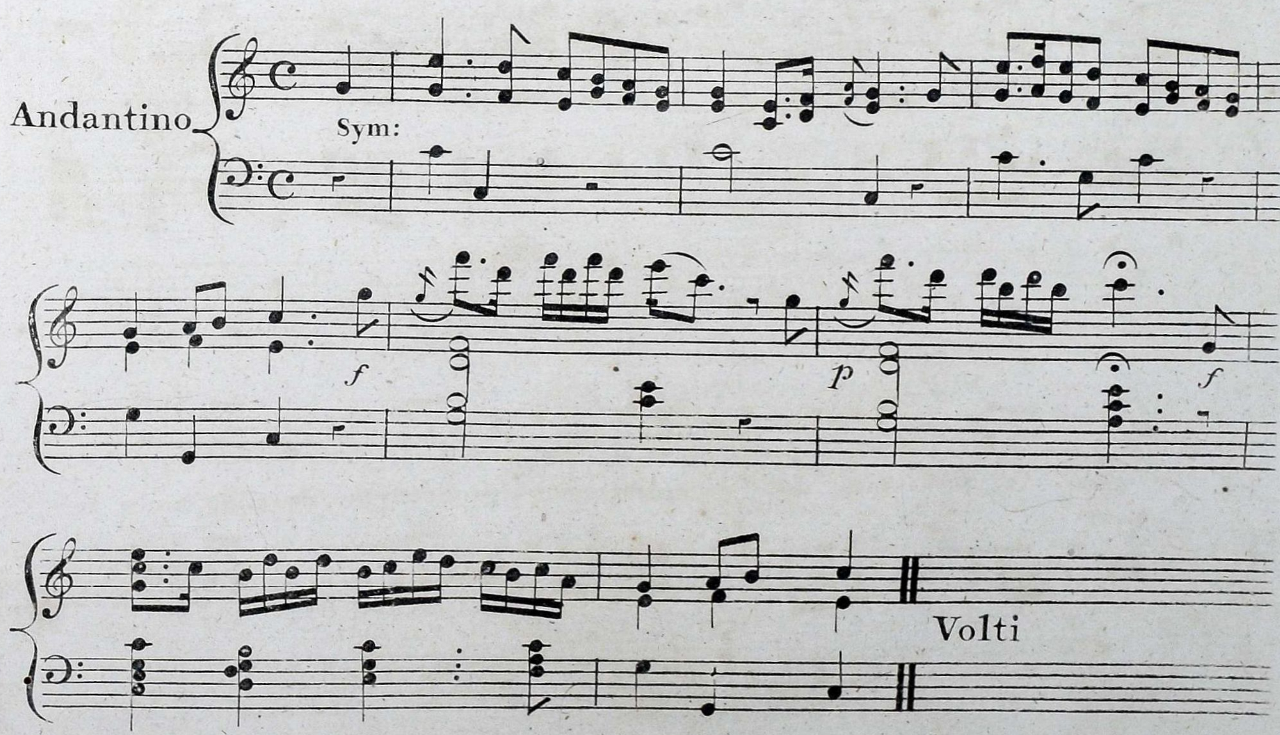
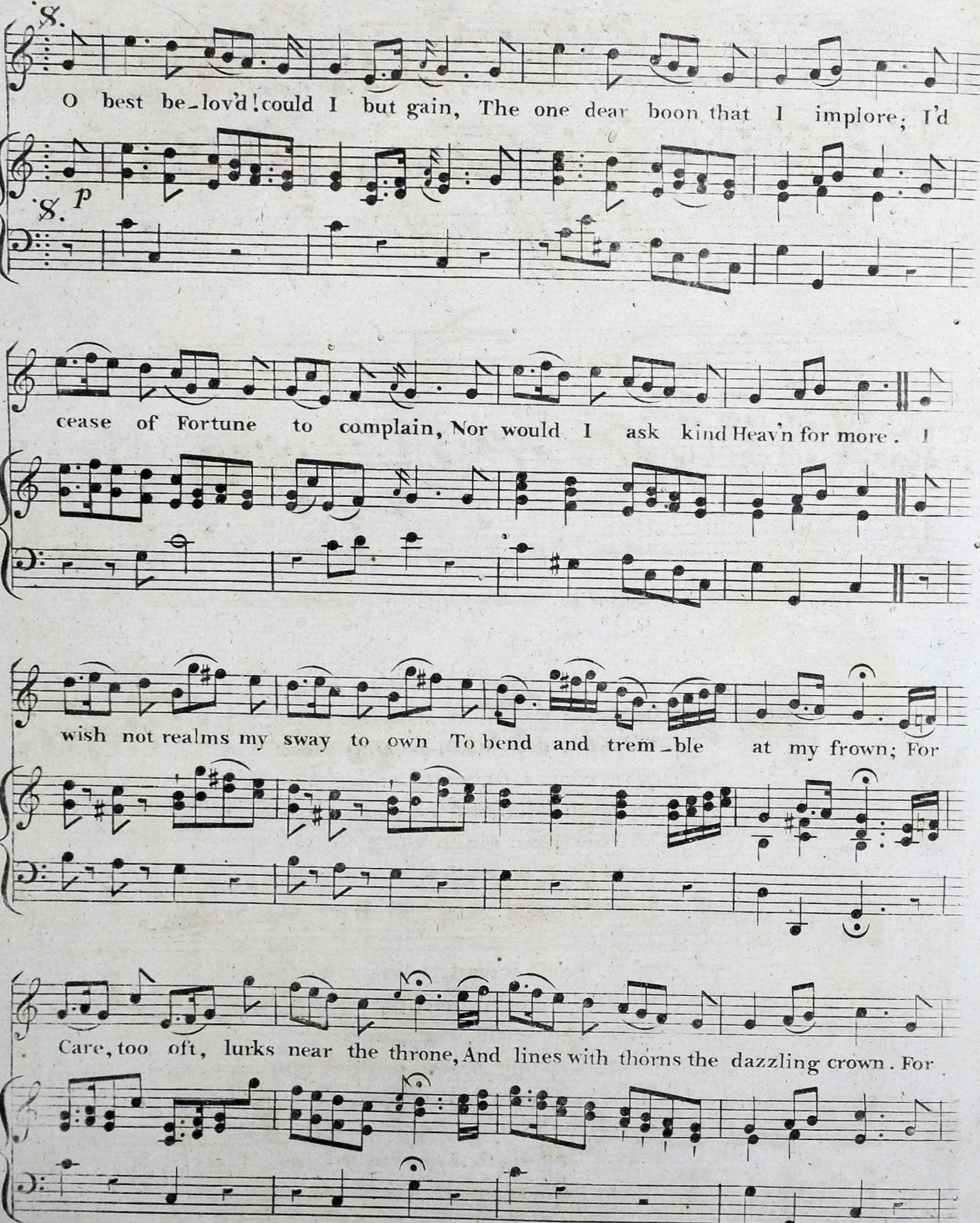
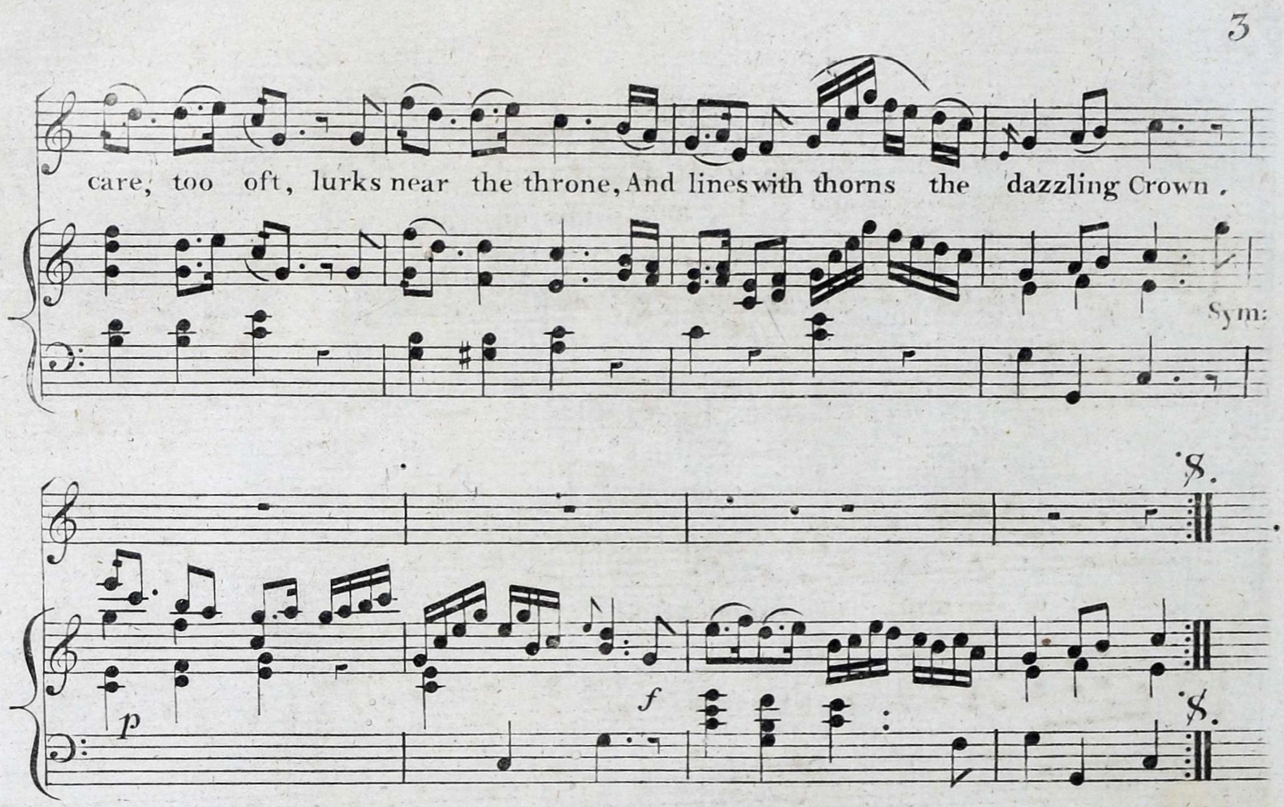



O best be_lov'd! could I but gain, The one dear boon that I implore; I'd
cease of Fortune to complain, Nor would I ask kind Heav'n for more. I
wish not realms my sway to own To bend and trem_ble at my frown; For
Care, too oft, lurks near the throne, And lines with thorns the dazzling crown. For



2

Let Empire break Ambitions rest;
Be far its troublous pomp from me;
I should, dear Maid, be truly blest,
Were mine a tranquil Cot and thee.
No splended robes, no gems of pride,
No boundless wealth can I impart:
These toys to me has fate denied;
But I can give a faithful heart.

3

Sweet Maid! indeed, I would not grieve
Though I the live long day should toil,
Might I at setting Sun, receive
From thee, one tender cheering smile.
And canst thou bid me then despair?
Ah no! to winds I fear consign:
If love and truth be worth thy care,
I sure shall one day call thee mine.